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WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES,

In Prose and Verse;

WITH FORTY ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY

THOMAS HOOD,

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE, AND THE DESIGNER OF THE PROGRESS OF CANT.

"O Cicero! Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned of thee: O Bias! Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example I was biassed!"

SCRIBLERUS.

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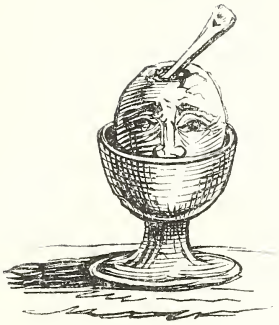
DEDICATION,

TO THE REVIEWERS.

What is a modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate:—
The Critic spits on what is done,—
Gives it a wipe,—and all is gone.



In presenting his Whims and Oddities to the Public, the Author desires to say a few words, which he hopes will not swell into a Memoir.

It happens to most persons, in occasional lively moments, to have their little chirping fancies and brain-crotchets, that skip out of the ordinary meadow-land of the mind. The Author has caught *his*, and clapped them up in paper and print, like grasshoppers in a cage. The judicious reader will look upon the trifling creatures accordingly, and not expect from them the flights of poetical winged horses.

At a future time, the Press may be troubled with some things of a more serious tone and purpose,—which the Author has resolved upon publishing, in despite of the advice of certain critical friends. His forte, they are pleased to say, is decidedly humourous; but a gentleman cannot always be breathing his comic vein.

It will be seen, from the illustrations of the present work, that the Inventor is no artist;—in fact, he was never "meant to draw"—any more than the tape-tied curtains mentioned by Mr. Pope. Those who look at his designs, with Ovid's Love of Art, will therefore be disappointed;—his sketches are as rude and artless to other sketches, as Ingram's rustic manufacture to the polished chair. The designer is quite aware of their defects: but when Raphael has bestowed seven odd legs upon four Apostles, and Fuseli has stuck in a great goggle head without an owner;—when Michael Angelo has set on a foot the wrong way, and Hogarth has painted in defiance of all the laws of nature and perspective; he does hope

that his own little enormities may be forgiven—that his sketches may look interesting, like Lord Byron's Sleeper,—"with all their errors."

Such as they are, the Author resigns his pen-and-ink fancies to the public eye. He has more designs in the wood; and if the present sample should be relished, he will cut more, and come again, according to the proverb, with a New Series.

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WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

1.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball.*
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.

2.

Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:

Dear! what a hustle,
And bustle!
And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinch'd in,
Just in the pismire taste.

3

Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,
That, should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!

4.

And what is life? and all its ages—
There s seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em;
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They 're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross!
Since he would be,—as near the sky,
—Fourteen hands high.

Very deaf, indeed.

5.

What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Oh me! hence could I read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *bawl!*

THE PRAYSE OF IGNORANCE.

An Extract from an Oration, delivered before the most grave and learned Faculty of Padua, by the Admirable Crichton.

Now your Clowne knoweth none of the Booke-man's troubles, and his dayes be the longer; for he doth not vault upon the fierie Pegasus, but jumpes merrilye upon old Ball, who is a cart-horse, and singeth another man's song, which hath, it may be, thirty and six verses, and a burthen withal, and goes to a tune which no man knowes but himself. Alsoe, he wooes the ruddye Cicely, which is not a Muse, but as comely a maide of fleshe as needes be, and many daintye ballades are made of their loves, as may be read in our Poets, their Pastoralls; only that therein he is called Damon, which standes for Roger, and Cicely, belike, is ycleped Sylvia, as belongs to their pastorall abodes. Where they lead soe happye life as to stir up envye in the towne's women, who would faine become Shepherdesses by hook and by crook, and get green gownes and lay down upon the sweet verdant grass. Oh, how pleasauntly they sit all the daye long under a shady

tree, to hear the young lambes; but at night they listen to the plaintive Philomell, and the gallaunts doe make them chappelets: or, if it chance to be May, they goe a Mayinge, whilst the yonge buds smell sweetlye, and the littel birdes are whistlynge and hoppinge all about.

Then Roger and Cicely sit adowne under the white haw-thorne, and he makes love to her in a shepherd-like waye, in the midst of her flocke. She doth not minde sheepe's-eyes. Even like Cupid and Psyche, as they are set forthe by a cunning Flemishe Limner, as hath been my hap to behold in the Low Countrye, wherein Cupid, with his one hand, is a toyinge with the haires of his head; but with the other, he handleth the fair neck of his mistresse, who sitteth discreetlye upon a flowerie bank, and lookes down as beseemes upon her shoon; for she is vain of her modestye. This I have seen at the Hague.

And Roger sayth, O Cicely, Cicely, how prettye you be; whereat she doth open her mouth, and smiles loudly; which, when he heares, he sayth again, Nay, but I doe love thee passing well, and with that lays a loud buss upon her cheek, which cannot blushe by reason of its perfect ruddynesse. Anon, he spreadeth in her lap the pink ribbands which he bought at the wake, for her busking, and alsoe a great cake of ginger brede, which causeth her heart to be in her mouthe. Then, quoth he, The little Robins have got their mates, and the prettye Finches be all paired, and why sholde not we? And, quoth she, as

he kisseth her, O Robin, Robin, you be such a sweet-billed bird, that I must needes crye "Aye." Wherefore, on the Sundaye, they go to the Parishe Churche, that they may be joyned into one, and be no more single. Whither they walk tenderlye upon their toes, as if they stepped all the waye upon egges. And Roger hath a brave bowpot at his bosom, which is full of Heart's Ease; but Cicely is decked with ribbands, a knot here, and a knot there, and her head is furnished after a daintye fashion, soe that she wishes, belike, that she was Roger to see herselfe all round about,—and content her eyes upon her own devices. Whereas, Roger smells to his nosegaye; but his looks travel, as the crabbe goeth, which is side-wayes, towards Cicely; and he smiles sweetlye, to think how that he is going to be made a husband-man, and alsoe of the good cheere which there will be to eat that daye. Soe he walks up to the altar with a stout harte; and when the parson hath made an ende, he kisseth Cicely afreshe, and their markes are registered as man and wife in the church bokes.

After which, some threescore yeares, it may befall you to light on a grave-stone, and, on the wood thereof, to read as followeth:—

"Here I bee, Roger Rackstrawe, which did live at Dipmore Ende, of this Parishe—but now in this tomb.

> Time was that I did sowe and plough,
> That lyes beneathe the furrowes now;

But though Death sowes me with his graine,
I knowe that I shall spring againe.

Now is not this a life to be envyde, which needeth so many men's paynes to paint its pleasures? For, saving the Law clerkes, it is set forth by all that write upon sheepe's skins, even the makers of pastoralls: wherein your Clown is constantly a figure of Poetry,—being allwayes amongst the leaves. He is their Jack-i'-the-Green.—Wherefore I crye, for my owne part, Oh! that I were a Boore! Oh! that I were a Boore! that troubleth no man, and is troubled of none. Who is written, wherein he cannot read, and is mayde into Poetry, that yet is no Poet; for how sholde he make songs, that knoweth not King Cadmus, his alphabet, to pricke them down withal?—

Seeing that he is nowayes learnede,—nor hath never bitten of the Apple of Knowledge, which was but a sowre crabbe apple, whereby Adam his wisdom-teeth were set on edge. Wherefore, he is much more a happye man, saying unto his lusty yonge Dame, We twaine be one fleshe.—But the Poet sayth to his mate, Thou art skin of my skin, and bone of my bone; soe that this saying is not a paradoxe,—That the Boke Man is a Dunce in being Wise,—and the Clowne is Wise, in being a Dunce.

A VALENTINE.

1.

Oh! cruel heart! e'er these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost: but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

2.

Ah! when those eyes, like tapers, burned so blue,
It seemed an omen that we must expect
The sprites of lovers: and it boded true,
For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect;
Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
With my last pen—before that I effect
My exit from the stage; just stopp'd before
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Miss Tree.

6.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
This wilful homicide which thou hast done:
And the sad epitaph of so much love
Will eat into thy heart, as if in stone:
And all the lovers that around thee move,
Will read my fate, and tremble for their own;
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
"Man, born of woman, must of woman die!"

7.

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
My hand is destin'd for another deed.
But one last word wrung from its aching core,
And my lone heart in silentness will bleed;
Alas! it ought to take a life to tell
That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well!

LOVE.

O Love! what art thou, Love? the ace of hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots;
The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
A marriagable maiden's "beau ideal."

O Love! what art thou, Love? a wicked thing,
Making green misses spoil their work at school;
A melancholy man, cross-gartering?
Grave ripe-fac'd wisdom made an April fool?
A youngster, tilting at a wedding ring?
A sinner, sitting on a cuttie stool?
A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel?

O Love! what art thou, Love? one that is bad
With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
A poor bewildered maid, making so sad
A necklace of her garters—fell design!
A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
Ending his sonnets with a hempen line?
O Love!—but whither now? forgive me, pray;
I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

1.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

2.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had question'd the stranger, and answer'd the door.

3.

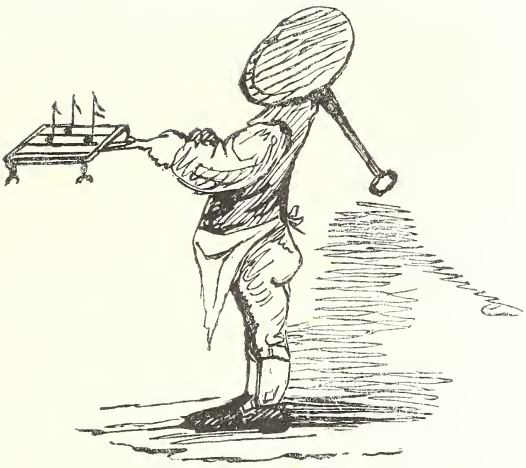
The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go:
So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

A RECIPE—FOR CIVILIZATION.

The following Poem—is from the Pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of Authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan,—a real Homo-*genius*, or a Genius of a Man! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual,——*boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook's Oracle)—with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying Pan in the other,—While in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic,——as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music Master—Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation:—And cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*,——without still being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on *The Immortal Bard of Avon!*——will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach
That man is known from brutes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not th' inhuman from the human,—



"The Cook's Oracle."

Or else might parrots claim affinity,
And dogs be doctors by latinity,—
Not t' insist, (as might be shown)
That beasts have gibberish of their own,
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we
Since Esop's days have lost the key ;
Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
But play at dummy like the monkeys,
For fear mankind should make them flunkies.
Neither can man be known by feature
Or form, because so like a creature,
That some grave men could never shape
Which is the aped and which the ape,
Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
Nor yet because he's black or white,
But *rational*,—for so we call
The only COOKING ANIMAL !
The only one that brings his bit
Of dinner to the pot or spit,
For where's the lion e'er was hasty,
To put his ven'son in a pasty ?
Ergo, by logic, we repute,
That he who cooks is not a brute,—
But Equus brutum est, which means,
If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge,

Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary.
Further, as man is known by feeding
From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding,
Are still distinguish'd as they eat,
And raw in manner's raw in meat,—
Look at the polish'd nations hight
The civilized—the most polite
Is that which bears the praise of nations
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,
Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
The less refined the less they cook;
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
Across a steak and warm their saddle,
Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
That bolts her chops and collops raw,
And, like a wild beast, cares as little
To dress her person as her victual,—
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
And not by shamble bodies put on,
But those who roast and boil their mutton;—
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
Because they lived on water cresses,
And till they learn'd to cook their crudities,
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
For niceness comes from th' inner side,
(As an ox is drest before his hide)

And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
The outward man will soon cull rarity,
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
To make a man look like his meat,
As insects show their food's complexions;
Thus fopling's clothes are like confections.
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
Would have an Abyssinian ox come?—
Or serve a dish of frigassees,
To clodpoles in a coat of frize?
Whereas a black would call for buffalo
Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
Now, (this premised) it follows then
That certain culinary men
Should first go forth with pans and spits
To bring the heathens to their wits,
(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
Know that first steps are alimentary;
And, as we have prov'd, flesh pots and saucepans
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans;)
But Bunyan err'd to think the near gate
To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,
When reason should have work'd her course
As men of war do—when their force
Can't take a town by open courage
They steal an entry with its forage.
What reverend bishop, for example,
Could preach horn'd Apis from his temple?

Whereas a cook would soon unseat him
And make his own churchwardens eat him.
Not Irving could convert those vermin
Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon;
Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
Would "take a shin of beef and spice,"—
And raise them such a savoury smother
No Negro would devour his brother,
But turn his stomach round as loth
As Persians, to the old black broth,—
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,
Where beaux that came at first for feeding
Grow gallant men and get good breeding;—
Exempli gratia—in the West,
Ship-traders say there swims a nest
Lin'd with black natives, like a rookery,
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
This race, though now call'd O. Y. E. men,
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)
Was once so ignorant of our knacks
They laid their mats upon their backs,
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
As for their bodies, they were coated,
(For painted things are so denoted;)

---

* Cook to the late Sir Joseph Bankes.

But, the naked truth is, stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,
Allow'd polygamy—dwelt in wig-wams,
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—
And why?—because their savage nook
Had ne'er been visited by Cooke,—
And so they fared till our great chief
Brought them not methodists, but beef
In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins,
(For cooking ends ere grace begins)
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be back'd like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit,
For riding till they've had a bit
I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernackle;
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridg'd from Glasse and Rundle,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits
She saw the spareness of her habits

And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs
(For aprons lead of course to bibs)
And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veil'd her back, too, from the heat—
As for her gravies and her sauces,
(Tho' they reform'd the royal fauces,)
Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,
Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon !—

"Tell me, my heart, can this be Love?"

ON THE POPULAR CUPID.

The figure opposite was copied, by permission, from a lady's Valentine. To the common apprehension, it represents only a miracle of stall-feeding—a babe-Lambert—a caravan-prodigy of grossness,—but, in the romantic mythology, it is the image of the Divinity of Love.--

In sober verity,—does such an incubus oppress the female bosom? Can such a monster of obesity be coeval with the gossamer natures of Sylph and Fairy in the juvenile faith? Is this he—the buoyant Camdeo,—that, in the mind's eye of the poetess, drifts adown the Ganges in a lotus—

> "Pillow'd in a lotus flow'r
> Gather'd in a summer hour,
> Floats he o'er the mountain wave,
> Which would be a tall ship's grave?"—

Is this personage the disproportionate partner for whom Pastorella sigheth,—in the smallest of cots?—Does the platonic Amanda (who is all soul) refer, in

her discourses on love, to this palpable being, who is all body? Or does Belinda, indeed, believe that such a substantial Sagittarius lies ambush'd in her perilous blue eye?

It is in the legend, that a girl of Provence was smitten once, and died, by the marble Apollo: but did impassioned damsel ever dote, and wither, beside the pedestal of this preposterous effigy? or, rather, is not the unseemly emblem accountable for the coyness and proverbial reluctance of maidens to the approaches of Love?

I can believe in his dwelling alone in the heart—seeing that he must occupy it to repletion;—in his constancy, because he looks sedentary and not apt to roam. That he is given to melt—from his great pinguitude. That he burneth with a flame, for so all fat burneth—and hath languishings—like other bodies of his tonnage. That he sighs—from his size—

I dispute not his kneeling at ladies' feet—since it is the posture of elephants,—nor his promise that the homage shall remain eternal. I doubt not of his dying,—being of a corpulent habit, and a short neck. Of his blindness—with that inflated pig's cheek.—But for his lodging in Belinda's blue eye, my whole faith is heretic—*for she hath never a sty in it.*

"The Last Man."

THE LAST MAN.

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree, all alone,
A chaunting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day!

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind, like flags;—
So up he came to the timbers' foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

Good Lord! how blythe the old beggar was!
At pulling out his scraps,—
The very sight of his broken orts
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate-bird,
And have a taste of my snaps!"—

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
I slided, and by him stood:
But I wish'd myself on the gallows again
When I smelt that beggar's food,—
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust ;—
" Oh!" quoth he, " the heavens are good !"

Then after this grace he cast him down:
Says I, " You'll get sweeter air
A pace or two off, on the windward side"—
For the felons' bones lay there—
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offer'd them part of his fare.

" I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm me :
Let the proud and the rich be cravens !"
I did not like that strange beggar man,
He look'd so up at the heavens—
Anon he shook out his empty old poke;—
"There's the crums," saith he, "for the ravens !"

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look ;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took :
Quoth he, "though I gather the green water-cress,
My drink is not of the brook !"

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram;
Oh it came of a dainty cask!
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
"Your leave, good sir, I must ask;
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask!"

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath!

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
"Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass'd from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An' it were not for that beggar man
I'd be the King of the earth,—
But I promis'd myself, an hour should come
To make him rue his birth!—

So down we sat and bous'd again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just as the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry:
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar man,
"Till those horrible dogs go by!"

And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot,
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon saith he, "let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozie barn for to-night!"

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;
So we far'd that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best!—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when we came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds:—
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knocked at every gate:
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate!

So *he* turn'd right and *I* turn'd left,
As if we had never met;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let;
And for three brave holydays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast,—
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest!—

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And browz'd on the new-come grass.—

When lo! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing!—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King;
So he stept right up before my gate
And danc'd me a saucy fling!

Heaven mend us all!—but, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge, myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;—
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,
And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind and airing his rags!

So there he hung, and there I stood
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth:
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive!

My conscience began to gnaw my heart
Before the day was done,
For other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun!—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one!

So I went and cut his body down
To bury it decentlie;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me!
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bay'd me up the tree!

"Pigmy and Crane."

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean brim ;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away
Their jaws were bloody and grim !

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord !
But the beggar man, where was he ?—
There was nought of him but some ribbons of rags
Below the gallows' tree !—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me !—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone !

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguil'd ;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child !

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dreams,
At night, to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,
Is like a stinging adder;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder!—

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas! in vain,
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive,
In the world, to pull my legs!

THE BALLAD OF "SALLY BROWN, AND BEN THE CARPENTER."

I HAVE never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following Ballad. Dr. Watts, amongst evangelical nurses, has an enviable renown—and Campbell's Ballads enjoy a snug genteel popularity. "Sally Brown" has been favoured, perhaps, with as wide a patronage as the Moral Songs, though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of "Hohenlinden." But I do not desire to see it amongst what are called Elegant Extracts. The lamented Emery,—drest as Tom Tug, sang it at his last mortal Benefit at Covent Garden;—and, ever since, it has been a great favourite with the watermen of Thames, who time their oars to it, as the wherrymen of Venice time theirs to the lines of Tasso. With the watermen, it went naturally to Vauxhall:—and over land, to Sadler's Wells. The Guards—not the mail coach, but the Life Guards,—picked it out from a fluttering hundred of others—all going to one air—against the dead wall at Knightsbridge.

Cheap Printers of Shoe Lane, and Cow-cross, (all pirates!) disputed about the Copyright, and published their own editions,—and, in the mean time, the Authors, to have made bread of their song, (it was poor old Homer's hard ancient case!) must have sung it about the streets. Such is the lot of Literature! the profits of "Sally Brown" were divided by the Ballad Mongers:—it has cost, but has never brought me, a halfpenny.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

Christmas Pantomime.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,—
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she had said Gee woe!

Says he, "they've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;"—
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"O! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But, Oh! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
'The virgin and the scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all the sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing " All's Well,
But could not, though he tried ;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth,
At forty-odd befell :
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

BACKING THE FAVOURITE.

Oh a pistol, or a knife!
For I'm weary of my life,—
  My cup has nothing sweet, left, to flavour it;
My estate is out at nurse,
And my heart is like my purse—
  And all thro' backing of the Favourite!

At dear O'Neill's first start,
I sported all my heart,—
  Oh, Becher he never marr'd a braver hit!
For he cross'd her in her race,
And made her lose her place,
  And there was an end of that Favourite!

Anon, to mend my chance,
For the Goddess of the Dance*
  I pin'd, and told my enslaver it;—

---

* The late favourite of the King's Theatre, who left the pas seul of life, for a perpetual *Ball.* Is not that her effigy, now commonly borne about by the Italian image vendors—an ethereal form, holding a wreath with both hands above her head—and her husband, in emblem, beneath her foot.

"O, my bonnie bonnie Bet!"

But she wedded in a canter,
And made me a Levanter,
In foreign lands to sigh for the Favourite!

Then next Miss M. A. Tree
I adored, so sweetly she
Could warble like a nightingale and quaver it;—
But she left that course of life
To be Mr. Bradshaw's wife,
And all the world lost on the Favourite!

But out of sorrow's surf
Soon I leap'd upon the turf,
Where fortune loves to wanton it and waver it;—
But standing on the pet,
"Oh my bonny, bonny, Bet!"
Black and yellow pull'd short up with the Favourite!

Thus flung by all the crack,
I resolv'd to cut the pack,—
The second-raters seem'd then a safer hit!—
So I laid my little odds
Against Memnon—Oh, ye Gods!
Am I always to be floor'd by the Favourite!

A COMPLAINT AGAINST GREATNESS.

I am an unfortunate creature, the most wretched of all that groan under the burthen of the flesh. I am fainting, as they say of kings, under my oppressive greatness. A miserable Atlas—I sink under the world of—myself.

But the curious will here ask me for my name. I am then, or they say I am, "The Reverend Mr. Farmer, a four-years' old Durham Ox, fed by himself, upon oil cake and mangel-wurzel:" but I resemble that worthy agricultural Vicar only in my fat living. In plain truth, I am an unhappy candidate for the show at Sadler's, not "the Wells," but the Repository. They tell me I am to bear the bell, (as if I had not enough to bear already!) by my surpassing tonnage—and, doubtless, the prize-emblem will be proportioned to my uneasy merits. With a great Tom of Lincoln about my neck—alas! what will it comfort me to have been "commended by the judges."

Wearisome and painful was my Pilgrim-like progress to this place, by short and tremulous steppings,

" O, that this too too solid flesh would melt !"

like the digit's march upon a dial. My owner, jealous of my fat, procured a crippled drover, with a withered limb, for my conductor; but even *he* hurried me beyond my breath. The drawling hearse left me labouring behind; the ponderous fly-waggon passed me like a bird upon the road, so tediously slow is my pace. It just sufficeth, Oh, ye thrice happy Oysters! that have no locomotive faculty at all, to distinguish that I am not at rest. Wherever the grass grew by the way-side, how it tempted my natural longings—the cool brook flowed at my very foot, but this short thick neck forbade me to eat or drink; nothing but my redundant dewlap is likely ever to graze on the ground!

If stalls and troughs were not extant, I must perish. Nature has given to the Elephant a long flexible tube, or trunk, so that he can feed his mouth, as it were, by his nose: but is man able to furnish me with such an implement? Or would he not still withhold it, lest I should prefer the green herb, my natural delicious diet, and reject his rank, unsavoury condiments?—What beast, with free will, but would repair to the sweet meadow for its pasture; and yet how grossly is he labelled and libelled? Your bovine servant, in the catalogue, is a "Durham Ox, *fed by himself,* (as if he had any election,) upon oil-cake."

I wonder what rapacious Cook, with an eye to her insatiable grease-pot and kitchen perquisites, gave

the hint of this system of stall-feeding! What unctuous Hull Merchant, or candle-loving Muscovite, made this grossness a desideratum? If mine were, indeed, like the fat of the tender sucking pig, that delicate gluten! there would be reason for its unbounded promotion; but to see the prize steak, loaded with that rank yellow abomination, (the lamplighters know its relish,) might wean a man from carnivorous habits for ever. Verily, it is an abuse of the Christmas holly, the emblem of Old English and wholesome cheer, to plant it upon such blubber. A gentlemanly entrail must be driven to extreme straits, indeed, (Davis's Straits,) to feel any yearnings for such a meal; and yet I am told that an assembly of gentry, with all the celebrations of full bumpers and a blazing chimney-pot, have honoured the broiled slices of a prize bullock, a dishfull of stringy fibres, an animal cabbage-net, and that rank even hath been satisfied with its rankness.

Will the honourable club, whose aim it is thus to make the beastly nature more beastly, consider of this matter? Will the humane, when they provide against the torments of cats and dogs, take no notice of our condition? Nature, to the whales, and creatures of their corpulence, has assigned the cool deeps; but we have no such refuge in our meltings. At least, let the stall-feeder confine his system to the uncleanly swine which chews not the cud: for let the worthy members conceive on the palate of ima-

gination, the abominable returns of the refuse-linseed in our after ruminations. Oh, let us not suffer in vain! It may seem presumption in a brute, to question the human wisdom; but, truly, I can perceive no beneficial ends, worthy to be set-off against our sufferings. There must be, methinks, a nearer way of augmenting the perquisites of the kitchen-wench and the fire-man, —of killing frogs,—than by exciting them, at the expense of us poor blown-up Oxen, to a mortal inflation.

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

"Alas! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with a siren?"
HUDIBRAS.

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells;—
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as Sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crown'd with pretty sea wares,
And her locks are golden and loose:

"All's well that ends well."

And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;—
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;—
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
And clasp'd him by the hand:—
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,—
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter:
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter!

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,—
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept—
But she hopt like a Kangaroo!

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they gallop'd across the tide;
At last, on the bank, he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen;—
For, when he look'd where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak:
At last, she open'd her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:—

"You crimpt my father, who was a skate;
And my sister, you sold—a maid;—
So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
For lost you are, and betray'd!"

And away she went, with a seagull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail:
In a moment, he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back!

Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water hillocks all seem'd to him,
Like those in a church-yard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be;—
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea—

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroach'd on every hand,
And the ground decreas'd,—his moments of life
Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank,—
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;—
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
The pinchers of scalded crab!

The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns, he had ever spoil'd,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as tho'
Of the night-shade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift,
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, not a yawl, or a mackarel boat,
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
"Why, thou art a sea-gull too!

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafen'd amidst the mountain-tops,
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And wash'd away the other salt-drops
That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
Of Deal—(but builded of oak.)

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel return'd, that was flying away
With the spirit of Peter Fin!

MY SON, SIR.

It happened, the other evening, that, intending to call in L—— Street, I arrived a few minutes before Hyson; when W * * * * *, seated beside the Urn, his eyes shaded by his hand,—was catechising his learned prodigy, the Master Hopeful, as if for a tea-table degree. It was a whimsical constrast, between the fretful pouting visage of the urchin, having his gums rubbed, so painfully to bring forward his wisdom-tooth—and the parental visage, sage, solemn, and satisfied, and appealing ever and anon, by a dramatic side look, to the circle of smirking auditors.

W * * * * * was fond of this kind of display, eternally stirring up the child for exhibition with his troublesome long pole,—besides lecturing him through the diurnal vacations so tediously, that the poor urchin was fain,—for the sake of a little play,—to get into school again.

I hate all forcing-frames for the young intellect,—and the *Locke* system, which after all is but a *Canal* system for raising the babe-mind to unnatural levels.

"My son, Sir."

I pity the poor child, that is learned in alpha beta, but ignorant of top and taw,—and was never so maliciously gratified, as when, in spite of all his promptings and leading questions, I beheld W * * * * * reddening, even to the conscious tips of his tingling ears, at the boy's untimely inaptitude. Why could he not rest contented, when the poor imp had answered him already, "What was a Roman Emperor?"—without requiring an interpretation of *the Logos?*

"AS IT FELL UPON A DAY."

I WONDER that W——, the Ami des Enfans, has never written a sonnet, or ballad, on a girl that had broken her pitcher. There are in the subject the poignant heart's anguish for sympathy and description;—and the brittleness of jars and joys, with the abrupt loss of the watery fruits—(the *pumpkins* as it were) of her labours, for a moral. In such childish accidents there is a world of woe;—the fall of earthenware is to babes, as, to elder contemplations, the Fall of Man.

I have often been tempted myself to indite a didactic ode to that urchin, in Hogarth, with the ruined pie-dish. What a lusty agony is wringing him—so that all for pity he could die;—and then, there is the instantaneous falling on of the Beggar Girl, to lick up the fragments—expressively hinting how universally want and hunger are abounding in this miserable world,—and ready gaping at every turn, for such windfalls and stray Godsends. But, hark!—what a shrill, feline cry startleth the wide Aldgate!

"As it fell upon a day."

Oh! what's befallen Bessy Brown,
She stands so squalling in the street;
She's let her pitcher tumble down,
And all the water's at her feet!

The little school boys stood about,
And laugh'd to see her pumping, pumping;
Now with a curtsey to the spout,
And then upon her tiptoes jumping.

Long time she waited for her neighbours,
To have their turns:—but she must lose
The watery wages of her labours,—
Except a little in her shoes!

Without a voice to tell her tale,
And ugly transport in her face;
All like a jugless nightingale,
She thinks of her bereaved case.

At last she sobs—she cries—she screams!
And pours her flood of sorrows out,
From eyes and mouth, in mingled streams,
Just like the lion on the spout.

For well poor Bessy knows her mother
Must lose her tea, for water's lack,
That Sukey burns—and baby-brother
Must be dry rubb'd with huck-a-back!

A FAIRY TALE.

On Hounslow heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood;
The walls of white, the window shutters green;—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
(Tho' now at rest,)
On which it used to wander to and fro',
Because its master ne'er maintain'd a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;

Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil,
That furnished, by his toil,
Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman ;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower,
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came and gobbled up his bow'r !

But tir'd of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day !
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turn'd themselves, like other folks, to reading ;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripen'd in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley, ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,

And being easily melted, in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds reveal'd to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's, fly-waggons,
And magic-fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flaggons;
When as it fell upon a summer's day,
As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaim'd a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
Or Durham feed;
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils,
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment

Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kick'd out a passage thro' the beastly rabble;
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the Basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Back'd his beef-steaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse, who could?—two tales at once;
And being huff'd
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft;
Bang'd-to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—
The monster gave a roar,
And bolting off with speed, encreased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper

Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper;
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach;—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turn'd, till home had turn'd a corner, quite
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet cloathing;
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house!
The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seem'd to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explained the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
"Well! this *is* Fairy Work! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

"The Spoiled Child."

THE SPOILED CHILD.

My Aunt Shakerly was of an enormous bulk. I have not done justice to her hugeness in my sketch, for my timid pencil declined to hazard a sweep at her real dimensions.—There is a vastness in the outline, of even moderate proportions, 'till the mass is rounded-off by shadows, that makes the hand hesitate, and apt to stint the figure of its proper breadth: how, then, should I have ventured to trace—like mapping in a Continent— the surpassing boundaries of my Aunt Shakerly!—

What a visage was hers!—the cheeks, a pair of hemispheres:—her neck literally swallowed up by a supplementary chin.—Her arm cased in a tight sleeve, was as the bolster,—her body like the feather bed, of Ware. The waist, which, in other trunks, is an isthmus, was in hers only the middle zone, of a continuous tract, of flesh;—her ankles overlapped her shoes.

With such a figure, it may be supposed that her habits were sedentary.—When she did walk, the

Tower Quay, for the sake of the fresh river breeze, was her favourite resort. But never, in all her water-side promenades, was she hailed by the uplifted finger of the Waterman. With looks purposely averted he declined, tacitly, such a Fairlopian Fair.—The Hackney-coach driver, whilst she halted over against him, mustering up all her scanty puffings for an exclamation, drove off to the nether pavement, and pleaded a prior call. The chairman, in answer to her signals—had just broken his poles.—Thus, her goings were crampt within a narrow circle: many thoroughfares, besides, being strange to her and inaccessible, such as Thames Street, through the narrow pavements; —others, like the Hill of Holborn,—from their impracticable steepness.—How she was finally to master a more serious ascension, (the sensible incumbrance of the flesh clinging to her even in her spiritual aspirations) was a matter of her serious despondency—a picture of Jacob's Ladder, by Sir F. Bourgeois, confirming her, that the celestial staircase was without a landing.

For a person of her elephantine proportions, my Aunt was of a kindly nature—for I confess a prejudice against such Giantesses. She was cheerful, and eminently charitable to the poor,—although she did not condescend to a personal visitation of their very limited abodes. If she had a fault, it was in her conduct towards children—not spoiling them by often

repeated indulgences, and untimely severities, the common practice of bad mothers ;—it was by a shorter course that the latent and hereditary virtues of the infant Shakerly were blasted in the bud.—

Oh, my tender cousin * * ! (for thou wert yet unbaptized.) Oh ! would thou had'st been,—my little babe-cousin,—of a savager mother born !—For then, having thee comfortably swaddled, upon a backboard, with a hole in it, she would have hung thee up, out of harm's way, above the mantel shelf, or behind the kitchen door—whereas, thy parent was no savage, and so, having her hands full of other matters, she laid thee down, helpless, upon the parlour chair !—

In the meantime, the "Herald" came.—Next to an easy seat, my Aunt dearly loved a police newspaper ;—when she had once plunged into its columns, the most vital question obtained from her only a random answer ;—the world and the roasting jack stood equally still,—So, without a second thought, she dropped herself on the nursing chair. One little smothered cry—my cousin's last breath, found its way into the upper air,—but the still small voice of the reporter engrossed the maternal ear.

My Aunt never skimmed a newspaper, according to some people's practice. She was as solid a reader, as a sitter, and did not get up, therefore, till she had gone through the "Herald" from end to end. When she did rise,—which was suddenly,—the earth

quaked—the windows rattled—the ewers splashed over—the crockery fell from the shelf—and the cat and rats ran out together, as they are said to do from a falling house.

"Heyday!" said my uncle, above stairs, as he staggered from the concussion—and, with the usual curiosity, he referred to his pocket-book for the Royal Birthday. But the almanack not accounting for the explosion, he ran down the stairs, at the heels of the housemaid—and there lay my Aunt, stretched on the parlour-floor, in a fit. At the very first glimpse, he explained the matter to his own satisfaction, in three words—

"Ah—the apoplexy!"

Now the housemaid had done her part to secure him against this error, by holding up the dead child; but as she turned the body *edge-ways*, he did not perceive it. When he did see it—but I must draw a curtain over the parental agony—

* * * * * * * * *

About an hour after the catastrophe, an inquisitive she-neighbour called in, and asked if we should not have the Coroner to sit on the body:—but my uncle replied, "There was no need."—"But in cases, Mr. Shakerly, where the death is not natural."—"My dear Madam," interrupted my uncle,—"it was a natural death enough."

THE FALL OF THE DEER.

[From an old MS.]

Now the loud Crye is up, and harke!
The barkye Trees give back the Bark;
The House Wife heares the merrie rout,
And runnes,—and lets the beere run out,
Leaving her Babes to weepe,—for why?
She likes to heare the Deer Dogges crye,
And see the wild Stag how he stretches
The naturall Buck-skin of his Breeches,
Running like one of Human kind
Dogged by fleet Bailiffes close behind—
As if he had not payde his Bill
For Ven'son, or was owing still
For his two Hornes, and soe did get
Over his Head and Ears in Debt;—
Wherefore he strives to paye his Waye
With his long Legges the while he maye:—
But he is chased, like Silver Dish,
As well as anye Hart wish,

Except that one whose Heart doth beat
So faste it hasteneth his Feet;—
And runninge soe, he holdeth Death
Four Feet from him;—till his Breath
Faileth, and slacking Pace at last,
From runninge slow he standeth faste,
With hornie Bayonettes at baye
To baying Dogges around, and they
Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore,
And goreth them that seeke his Gore,—
Whatever Dogge his Horne doth rive
Is dead—as sure as he's alive!
Soe that courageous Hart doth fight
With Fate, and calleth up his might,
And standeth stout that he maye fall
Bravelye and be avenged of all,
Nor like a Craven yield his Breath
Under the Jawes of Dogges and Death!

Master Graham.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."
SHAKSPEARE.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
"Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes away?
You ought to be more fortified;"—"Ah, brute, be quiet, do,
I know I'm not so fortified, nor fiftyfied, as you!"

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me, you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've made;
To live, and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you huff."
"Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old enough!"

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet hive;
I'll be the best of men,—I mean,—I'll be the best *alive!*
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."—
"I thank ye, sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the more!"

Winter Nosegay.

A WINTER NOSEGAY.

O, WITHER'D winter Blossoms,
Dowager-flowers,—the December vanity.
In antiquated visages and bosoms,—
What are ye plann'd for
Unless to stand for
Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?

There is my Quaker Aunt,
A Paper-Flower,—with a formal border
No breeze could e'er disorder,—
Pouting at that old beau—the Winter Cherry,
A pucker'd berry;
And Box, like a tough-liv'd annuitant,
Verdant alway—
From quarter-day even to quarter-day;
And poor old Honesty, as thin as want,
Well named—God-wot!
Under the baptism of the water-pot,
The very apparition of a plant!

And why,
Dost hold thy head so high,
Old Winter-Daisy!—
Because thy virtue never was infirm,
Howe'er thy stalk be crazy?
That never wanton fly, or blighting worm,
Made holes in thy most perfect indentation?
'Tis likely that sour leaf,
To garden thief,
Forcepp'd or wing'd, was never a temptation;—
Well,—still uphold thy wintry-reputation;
Still shalt thou frown upon all lovers' trial:
And when, like Grecian maids, young maids of ours
Converse with flow'rs,
Then thou shalt be the token of denial.

Away! dull weeds,
Born without beneficial use or needs!
Fit only to deck out cold winding-sheets;
And then not for the milkmaids' funeral-bloom,
Or fair Fidele's tomb——
To tantalize,—vile cheats!
Some prodigal bee, with hope of after-sweets,
Frigid, and rigid,
As if ye never knew
One drop of dew,
Or the warm sun resplendent;

Indifferent of culture and of care,
Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
Churlishly independent—
I hate ye, of all breeds!
Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
And not by interchange of kindly deeds—
Hence!—from my shelf!

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

It was a young maiden went forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pace by her side;
His horse was so little, and hers so high,
He thought his Angel was up in the sky.

His love was great, tho' his wit was small;
He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh,—
Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
They rode by a church-yard, and then he spoke:—
"My pretty maiden, if you'll agree
You shall always amble through life with me."

The damsel answer'd him never a word,
But kick'd the grey mare, and away she spurr'd.
The wooer still follow'd behind the jade,
And enjoy'd—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' more,—
The gallant behind and the lass before ;—
At last they came to a miry place,
And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, "If my nag was better to ride,
I'd follow her over the world so wide.
Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tail!"

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

It has been my fortune, or misfortune, sometimes to witness the distresses of females upon shipboard;—that is, in such fresh-victual passages as to Ramsgate —or to Leith. How they can contemplate or execute those longer voyages, beyond Good Hope's Cape,—even with the implied inducements of matrimony,—is one of my standard wonders. There is a natural shrinking—a catlike antipathy,—to water, in the lady-constitution,—(as the false Argonaut well remembered when he shook off Ariadne)—that seems to forbid such sea-adventures. Betwixt a younger daughter, in Hampshire for example,—and a Judge's son of Calcutta, there is, apparently, a great gulf fixed:—

How have I felt, and shuddered, for a timid, shrinking, anxious female, full of tremblings as an aspen,—about to set her first foot upon the stage—but it can be nothing to a maiden's debût on the deck of an East Indiaman.

Handkerchiefs waving—not in welcome, but in farewell. Crowded boxes,—not filled with living

to understand that there were barely three fathoms of water between the vessel and the ground ;—her notion had been, that the whole sea was bottomless.—When the ship struck upon a sand, and was left there high and dry by the tide, her pleasure was, of course, complete. "We could walk about," she said, "and pick up shells." I believe, she would have been as well contented, if our Neptune had been pedestalled upon a rock,—deep water and sea-room were the only subjects of her dread. When the vessel, therefore, got afloat again, the old terrors of the landswoman returned upon her with the former force. All possible marine difficulties and disasters were huddled, like an auction medley, in one lot, into her apprehension :—

Cables entangling her,
Shipspars for mangling her,
Ropes, sure of strangling her,
Blocks over-dangling her ;
Tiller to batter her,
Topmast to shatter her,
Tobacco to spatter her ;
Boreas blustering,
Boatswain quite flustering,
Thunder clouds mustering
To blast her with sulphur—
If the deep don't engulf her ;
Sometimes fear's scrutiny
Pries out a mutiny,

Sniffs conflagration,
Or hints at starvation ;—
All the sea-dangers
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates and Sallee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and typhons,
And horrible syphons,
And submarine travels
Thro' roaring sea-navels ;
Every thing wrong enough,
Long-boat not long enough,
Vessel not strong enough ;
Pitch marring frippery,
The deck very slippery,
And the cabin—built sloping,
The Captain a-toping,
And the Mate a blasphemer,
That names his Redeemer,—
With inward uneasiness ;
The cook known, by greasiness,
The victuals beslubber'd,
Her bed—in a cupboard ;
Things of strange christening,
Snatch'd in her listening,
Blue lights and red lights
And mention of dead-lights,
And shrouds made a theme of,
Things horrid to dream of,—

And *buoys* in the water
To fear all exhort her ;
Her friend no Leander,
Herself no sea gander,
And ne'er a cork jacket
On board of the packet ;
The breeze still a stiffening,
The trumpet quite deafening ;
Thoughts of repentance,
And doomsday and sentence ;
Every thing sinister,
Not a church minister,—
Pilot a blunderer,
Coral reefs under her,
Ready to sunder her ;
Trunks tipsy-topsy,
The ship in a dropsy ;
Waves oversurging her,
Syrens a-dirgeing her ;
Sharks all expecting her,
Sword-fish dissecting her,
Crabs with their hand-vices
Punishing land vices ;
Sea-dogs and unicorns,
Things with no puny horns,
Mermen carnivorous—
" Good Lord, deliver us !"

The rest of the voyage was occupied,—excepting

" Come o'er the sea!"

one bright interval,—with the sea-malady and sea-horrors. We were off Flamborough Head. A heavy swell, the consequence of some recent storm to the Eastward, was rolling right before the wind upon the land:—and, once under the shadow of the bluff promontory, we should lose all the advantage of a saving Westerly breeze. Even the seamen looked anxious: but the passengers, (save one,) were in despair. They were, already, bones of contention, in their own misgivings, to the myriads of cormorants and waterfowl inhabiting that stupendous cliff. Miss Oliver alone was sanguine. She was all nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles;—her cheeriness increased in proportion with our dreariness. Even the dismal pitching of the vessel could not disturb her unseasonable levity;—it was like a lightening before death—but, at length, the mystery was explained. She had springs of comfort that we knew not of. Not brandy,—for that we shared in common; nor supplications,—for those we had all applied to;—but her ears, being jealously vigilant of whatever passed between the mariners, she had overheard from the captain,—and it had all the sound, to her, of a comfortable promise,—that "if the wind held, we should certainly *go on shore.*"

FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP.

I LOVE to pore upon old china—and to speculate, from the images, on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves, like the drunkard's, in their cups.—

How quaintly pranked and patterned is their vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian.—How daintily transparent!—It should be no vulgar earth, that produces that superlative ware, nor does it so seem in the enamell'd landscape.

There, are beautiful birds; there—rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons, with us obsolete, and reckoned fabulous; the main breed, doubtless, having followed Fohi (our Noah,) in his wanderings thither from the Mount Ararat.—But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay?—There are such creatures even in Fairy-land.

I long often to loiter in those romantic Paradises—studded with pretty temples—holiday pleasure

grounds—the true Tea-Gardens. I like those meandering waters, and the abounding little islands.

And here is a Chinese nurse-maid,—Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy, at the end of a string, as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dunnett's. It argues an advanced state of civilization, where the children have many playthings; and the Chinese infants, witness their flying fishes and whirligigs, sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far-gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token.—The Chinese are a polite people: for they do not make household, much less husbandry, drudges of their wives. You may read the women's fortune in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the lady-like toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hy-son is pencilling the mortal arches, and curving the cross-bows of her eye-brows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be tasked with laborious offices?—Marry, in kicking, they must be ludicrously impotent,—but then she hath a formidable growth of nails.

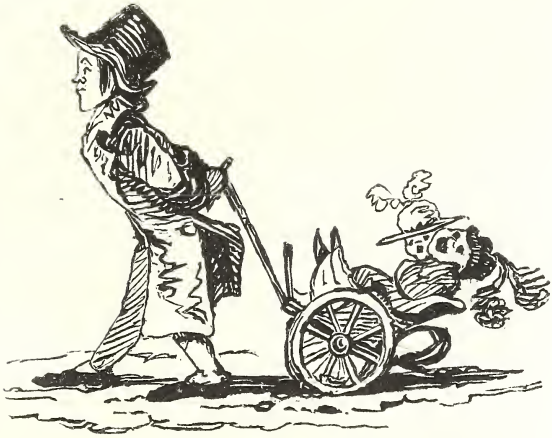
By her side, the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad, (here it is on another sample) he shadeth her at two

miles off with his umbrella. It is like an allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent pretty islets, on a plain as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairy-like foot. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left as a blank, excepting her adorable shadow, which is tending towards her slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to the Grey-beard! So honourably is age considered in China! There would be some sense, *there*, in birth-day celebrations.

Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of Con-Fuse-Ye.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware! They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers:—whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.



Père La Chaise.

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

Ali Ben Ali (did you never read
His wond'rous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The Sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed!
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within *harm's* length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had
No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—
Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd,

Until he got a sage-bush of a beard,
Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail,
Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale;
But yet, not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So call'd, because her lustrous eyes, above
All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear:
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair
Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
Ben Ali hoping for a son and heir,
Boy'd up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
He made so certain ere his chicken came:—
But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth!

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
A little daughter to this world of sins,—
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
Brought on another, like a pair of twins:
Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
Their little wits and scare them from their skins
To hear their father stamp, and curse, and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
This his paternal rage, and thus addrest:
O! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
And box the compass of the royal chest?
Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin!"

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew:
He call'd his slaves to bring an ample sack
Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
Were stuck at his *head*-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

"Son of the sleepless!"

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
Came with the sack the lady to enclose;
In vain from her stag-eyes "the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose;"
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she
Was doom'd to have *a winding sheet of water*.
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
A ring above her, like a water-knell;
A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drowned in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,—
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor—
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turn'd comets as the tale was brought to light;
And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Comb'd by 'live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids—and so she rais'd
Her *aqua*line nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale it seem'd near drowned to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
To listen to the air—and through the night
There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave;
The *Mussul*man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
This greyish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall;
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

WALTON REDIVIVUS.

A NEW-RIVER ECLOGUE.

"My old New River has presented no extraordinary novelties lately. But there Hope sits, day after day, speculating on traditionary gudgeons. I think she hath taken the Fisheries. I now know the reasons why our forefathers were denominated East and West Angles. Yet is there no lack of spawn, for I wash my hands in fishets that come through the pump, every morning, thick as motelings—little things that perish untimely, and never taste the brook."

From a Letter of C. Lamb.

[Piscator is fishing,—near the Sir Hugh Middleton's Head, without either basket or cann. Viator cometh up to him, with an angling-rod and a bottle.]

Via. Good morrow, Master Piscator. Is there any sport afloat?

Pis. I have not been here time enough to answer for it. It is barely two hours agone since I put in.

Via. The fishes are shyer in this stream, than in any water that I know.

Pis. I have fished here a whole Whitsuntide through, without a nibble.—But then the weather

"My banks they are furnished."

was not so excellent as to-day. This nice shower will set the gudgeons all agape.

Via. I am impatient to begin.

Pis. Do you fish with gut?

Via. No—I bait with gentles.

Pis. It is a good taking bait; though my question referred to the nature of your line. Let me see your tackle. Why, this is no line, but a ship's cable. It is six-twist. There is nothing in this water but you may pull out with a single hair.

Via. What, are there no dace, nor perch?—

Pis. I doubt not, but there have been such fish here in former ages. But, now-a-days, there is nothing of that size. They are gone extinct, like the mammoths.

Via. There was always such a fishing at 'em. Where there was one Angler in former times, there is now a hundred.

Pis. A murrain on 'em!—A New-River fish, now-a-days, cannot take his common swimming exercise without hitching on a hook.

Via. It is the natural course of things, for man's populousness to terminate other breeds. As the proverb says, "The more Scotchmen, the fewer herrings." It is curious to consider the family of whales growing thinner according to the propagation of parish lamps.

Pis. Aye, and, withal, how the race of man, who is a terrestrial animal, should have been in the greatest

jeopardy of extinction by the element of water; whereas the whales, living in the ocean, are most liable to be burnt out.

Via. It is a pleasant speculation. But how is this?—I thought to have brought my gentles comfortably in an old snuff-box, and they are all stark dead!

Pis. The odour hath killed them. There is nothing more mortal than tobacco, to all kinds of vermin. Wherefore, a new box will be indispensable, though, for my own practice, I prefer my waistcoat pockets for their carriage. Pray mark this:—and in the meantime I will lend you some worms.

Via. I am much beholden: and when you come to Long Acre, I will faithfully repay you. But, look you, my tackle is still amiss. My float will not swim.

Pis. It is no miracle—for here is at least a good ounce of swan-shots upon your line. It is over-charged with lead.

Via. I confess, I am used only to killing sparrows, and such small fowls, out of the back-casement. But my ignorance shall make me the more thankful for your help and instruction.

Pis. There. The fault is amended. And now, observe,—you must watch your cork very narrowly, without even an eye-wink another way;—for, otherwise, you may overlook the only nibble throughout the day.

Via. I have a bite already!—My float is going up and down like a ship at sea.

Pis. No. It is only that house-maid dipping in her bucket, which causes the agitation you perceive. 'Tis a shame so to interrupt the honest Angler's diversion. It would be but a judgment of God, now, if the jade should fall in!

Via. But I would have her only drowned for some brief twenty minutes or so—and then restored again by the Surgeons. And yet I have doubts of the lawfulness of that dragging of souls back again, that have taken their formal leaves. In my conscience, it seems like flying against the laws of predestination.

Pis. It is a doubtful point;—for, on the other hand, I have heard of some that were revived into life by the Doctors, and came afterwards to be hanged.

Via. Marry! 'tis pity such knaves' lungs were ever puff'd up again! It was good tobacco-smoke ill wasted! Oh, how pleasant, now, is this angling, which furnishes us with matter for such agreeable discourse! Surely, it is well called a contemplative recreation, for I never had half so many thoughts in my head before!

Pis. I am glad you relish it so well.

Via. I will take a summer lodging hereabouts, to be near the stream. How pleasant is this solitude! There are but fourteen a-fishing here,—and of those but few men.

Pis. And we shall be still more lonely on the other

side of the City Road.—Come, let's across. Nay, we'll put in our lines lower down. There was a butcher's wife dragged for, at this bridge, in the last week.

Via. Have you, indeed, any qualms of that kind?

Pis. No—but, hereabouts, 'tis likely the gudgeons will be gorged. Now, we are far enough. Yonder is the row of Colebrooke. What a balmy wholesome gust is blowing over to us from the cow-lair!

Via. For my part, I smell nothing but dead kittens —for here lies a whole brood in soak. Would you believe it,—to my phantasy, the nine days' blindness of these creatures smacks somewhat of a type of the human pre-existence. Methinks, I have had myself such a mysterious being, before I beheld the light. My dreams hint at it. A sort of world before eyesight.

Pis. I have some dim sympathy with your meaning. At the Creation, there was such a kind of blindman's-buff work. The atoms jostled together, before there was a revealing sun. But are we not fishing too deep?

Via. I am afeard on't! Would we had a plummet! We shall catch weeds.

Pis. It would be well to fish thus at the bottom, if we were fishing for flounders in the sea. But there, you must have forty fathom, or so, of stout line; and then, with your fish at the end, it will be the boy's old pastime carried into another element. I assure you, 'tis like swimming a kite!—

Piscator.

Via. It should be pretty sport—but hush! My cork has just made a bob. It is diving under the water!—Holla!—I have catch'd a fish!

Pis. Is it a great one?

Via. Purely, a huge one! Shall I put it into the bottle?

Pis. It will be well,—and let there be a good measure of water, too, lest he scorch against the glass.

Via. How slippery and shining it is!—Ah, he is gone!

Pis. You are not used to the handling of a New-River fish;—and, indeed, very few be. But hath he altogether escaped?

Via. No; I have his chin here, which I was obliged to tear off, to get away my hook.

Pis. Well, let him go:—it would be labour wasted to seek for him amongst this rank herbage. 'Tis the commonest of Anglers' crosses.

Via. I am comforted to consider he did not fall into the water again, as he was without a mouth,—and might have pined for years. Do you think there is any cruelty in our Art?

Pis. As for other methods of taking fish, I cannot say: but I think none in the hooking of them.—For, to look at the gills of a fish, with those manifold red leaves, like a housewife's needle-book, they are admirably adapted to our purpose; and manifestly intended by Nature to stick our steel in.

Via. I am glad to have the question so comfortably

resolved;—for, in truth, I have had some misgivings.—Now, look how dark the water grows! There is another shower towards.

Pis. Let it come down, and welcome. I have only my working-day clothes on. Sunday coats spoil holidays. Let every thing hang loose, and time too will sit easy.

Via. I like your philosophy. In this world, we are the fools of restraint. We starch our ruffs till they cut us under the ear.

Pis. How pleasant it would be to discuss these sentiments over a tankard of ale!—I have a simple bashfulness against going into a public tavern; but I think we could dodge into the Castle, without being much seen.

Via. And I have a sort of shuddering about me, that is willing to go more frankly in. Let us put up, then.—By my halidom! here is a little dead fish hanging at my hook:—and yet I never felt him bite.

Pis. 'Tis only a little week-old gudgeon, and he had not strength enough to stir the cork. However, we may say boldly, that we have caught a fish.

Via. Nay, I have another here, in my bottle. He was sleeping on his back at the top of the water, and I got him out nimbly with the hollow of my hand.

Pis. We have caught a brace, then;—besides the great one that was lost amongst the grass. I am glad on't, for we can bestow them upon some poor hungry

person in our way home. It is passable good sport for the place.

Via. I am satisfied it must be called so. But the next time I come hither, I shall bring a reel with me, and a ready-made minnow, for I am certain there must be some marvellous huge pikes here; they always make a scarcity of other fish. However, I have been bravely entertained, and, at the first holiday, I will come to it again.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG,"

Seems, at first sight, an unreasonable demand. May I profess no tenderness for Belinda, without vowing an attachment to Shock? Must I feel an equal warmth towards my bosom friend and his greyhound? Some country gentlemen keep a pack of dogs. Am I expected to divide my personal regard for my Lord D. amongst all his celebrated fox hounds?

I may be constitutionally averse to the whole canine species; I have been bitten, perhaps, in my infancy by a mastiff, or pinned by a bull dog. There are harrowing tales on record of hydrophobia, of human barkings, and inhuman smotherings. A dog may be my bugbear. Again, there are differences in taste. One man may like to have his hand licked all over by a grateful spaniel; but I would not have *my* extremity served so—even by the human tongue.

But the proverb, so arrogant and absolute in spirit, becomes harmless in its common application. The terms are seldom enforced, except by persons that a gentleman is not likely to embrace in his affection—rat-catchers, butchers and bull-baiters, tinkers and blind mendicants, beldames and witches. A slaugh-

Love me, love my dog.

terman's tulip-eared puppy, is as liable to engage one's liking as his chuckle-headed master. When a courtier makes friends with a drover, he will not be likely to object to a sheep-dog as a third party in the alliance.

"Love me," says Mother Sawyer, "love my dog."

Who careth to dote on either a witch or her familiar? The proverb thus loses half of its oppression: in other cases, it may become a pleasant fiction, an agreeable convention. I forget what pretty Countess it was, who made a confession of her tenderness for a certain sea captain, by her abundant caresses of his Esquimaux wolf-dog. The shame of the avowal became milder, (as the virulence of the small pox is abated, after passing through the constitution of a cow,) by its transmission through the animal.

In like manner, a formal young Quaker and Quakeress—perfect strangers to each other, and who might otherwise have sat mum-chance together for many hours—fell suddenly to romping, merely thro' the maiden's playfulness with Obadiah's terrier. The dog broke the ice of formality,—and, as a third party, took off the painful awkwardness of self-introduction.

Sir Ulic Mackilligut, when he wished to break handsomely with Mistress Tabitha Bramble, kicked her cur. The dog broke the force of the affront, and the knight's gallantry was spared the reproach

of a direct confession of disgust towards the spinster; as the lady took the aversion to herself only as the brute's ally.

My step-mother Hubbard, and myself, were not on visiting terms for many years. Not, we flattered ourselves, through any hatred or uncharitableness, disgraceful between relations, but from a constitutional antipathy on the one side, and a doting affection on the other—to a dog. My breach of duty and decent respect was softened down into my dread of hydrophobia:—my second-hand parent even persuaded herself, that I was jealous of her regard for Bijou. It was a comfortable self-delusion, on both sides,—but the scape-dog died, and then, having no reasonable reason to excuse my visits, we came to an open rupture. There was no hope of another favourite.—My step-mother had no general affection for the race, but only for that particular cur. It was one of those incongruous attachments, not accountable to reason, but seemingly predestined by fate. The dog was no keep-sake—no favourite of a dear deceased friend;—ugly as the brute was, she loved him for his own sake,—not for any fondness and fidelity, for he was the most ungrateful dog, under kindness, that I ever knew;—not for his vigilance, for he was never wakeful. He was not useful, like a turnspit; nor accomplished, for he could not dance. He had not personal beauty even, to make him a welcome object; and yet, if my

"Poor-tray Charmant."

relation had been requested to display her jewels, she would have pointed to the dog, and have answered, in the very spirit of Cornelia,— "There is my Bijou."

Conceive, Reader, under this endearing title, a hideous dwarf-mongrel, half pug and half terrier, with a face like a frog's—his goggle-eyes squeezing out of his head:—a body like a barrel churn, on four short bandy legs,—as if, in his puppyhood, he had been ill-nursed—terminating in a tail like a rabbit's. There is only one sound in nature, similar to his barking:—to hear his voice, you would have looked, not for a dog, but for a duck. He was fat, and scant of breath. It might have been said, that he was stuffed alive;—but his loving mistress, in mournful anticipation of his death, kept a handsome glass case, to hold his mummy. She intended, like Queen Constance, to "stuff out his vacant garment with his form;"—to have him ever before her, "in his habit as he lived;"—but that hope was never realized.

In those days there were dog-stealers, as well as slave-dealers,—the kidnapping of the canine, as of the Negro victim, being attributable to his skin.

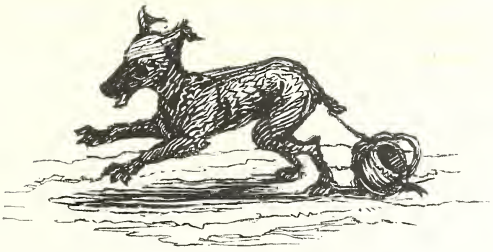
One evening, Bijou disappeared. A fruitless search was made for him at all his accustomed haunts,—but at day break the next morning,—stripped naked of his skin,—with a mock paper frill,—and the stump of a tobacco-pipe stuck in his nether jaw,—he was discovered, set upright against a post!

My step-mother's grief was ungovernable. Tears,

which she had not wasted on her deceased step-children, were shed then. In her first transport, a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of the murderers, but in vain.

The remains of Bijou, such as they were, she caused to be deposited under the lawn.

I forget what popular poet was gratified with ten guineas for writing his epitaph;—but it was in the measure of the "Pleasures of Hope."



" O list unto my tale of woe !"

REMONSTRATORY ODE,

FROM THE ELEPHANT AT EXETER CHANGE, TO MR. MATHEWS, AT THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

"——— See with what courteous action
He beckons you to a more removed ground."— *Hamlet.*

[WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.]

1.

Oh, Mr. Mathews! Sir!
(If a plain elephant may speak his mind,
And that I have a mind to speak I find
By my inward stir)
I long have thought, and wish'd to say, that we
Mar our well-merited prosperity
By being such near neighbours,
My keeper now hath lent me pen and ink,
Shov'd in my truss of lunch, and tub of drink,
And left me to my labours.

The whole menagerie is in repose,
The Coatamundi is in his Sunday clothes,
Watching the Lynx's most unnatural doze;
The Panther is asleep, and the Macaw;
The Lion is engaged on something raw;
The White Bear cools his chin
'Gainst the wet tin;
And the confined old Monkey's in the straw.
All the nine little Lionets are lying
Slumbering in milk, and sighing;
Miss Cross is sipping ox-tail soup,
In her front coop.
So here's the happy mid-day moment;—yes,
I seize it, Mr. Mathews, to address
A word or two
To you
On the subject of the ruin which must come
By both being in the Strand, and both at home
On the same nights; two treats
So very near each other,
As, oh my brother!
To play old gooseberry with both receipts.

2.

When you begin
Your summer fun, three times a week, at eight,
And carriages roll up, and cits roll in,
I feel a change in Exeter 'Change's change,
And, dash my trunk! I hate

To ring my bell, when you ring yours, and go
With a diminish'd glory through *my* show!
It is most strange;
But crowds that meant to see me eat a stack,
And sip a water-butt or so, and crack
A root of mangel-wurtzel with my foot,
Eat little children's fruit,
Pick from the floor small coins,
And then turn slowly round and show my India-rubber loins:
'Tis strange—most strange, but true,
That these same crowds seek *you!*
Pass *my* abode, and pay at *your* next door!
It makes me roar
With anguish when I think of this; I go
With sad severity my nightly rounds
Before one poor front row,
My fatal funny foe!
And when I stoop, as duty bids, I sigh
And feel that, while poor elephantine I
Pick up a sixpence, you pick up the pounds!

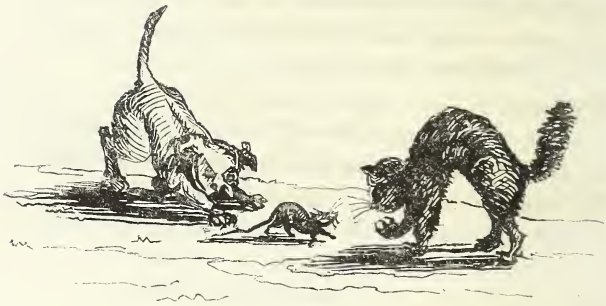
3.

Could you not go?
Could you not take the Cobourg or the Surry?
Or Sadler's Wells—(I am not in a hurry,
I never am!) for the next season?—oh!
Woe! woe! woe!

To both of us, if we remain; for not
In silence will I bear my altered lot,
To have you merry, sir, at my expense:
No man of any sense,
No true great person (and we both are great
In our own ways) would tempt another's fate.
I would myself depart
In Mr. Cross's cart;
But, like Othello, "am not easily moved,"
There's a nice house in Tottenham Court, they say,
Fit for a single gentleman's small play;
And more conveniently near your home;
You'll easily go and come.
Or get a room in the City—in some street—
Coachmaker's Hall, or the Paul's Head,
Cateaton Street;
Any large place, in short, in which to get your bread;
But do not stay, and get
Me into the Gazette!

4.

Ah! The Gazette;
I press my forehead with my trunk, and wet
My tender cheek with elephantine tears,
Shed of a walnut size
From my wise eyes,
To think of ruin after prosperous years.
What a dread case would be
For me—large me!



"How happy could I be with either!"

To meet at Basinghall Street, the first and seventh
And the eleventh!
To undergo (D————n!)
My last examination!
To cringe, and to surrender,
Like a criminal offender,
All my effects—my bell-pull, and my bell,
My bolt, my stock of hay, my new deal cell,
To *post* my ivory, Sir!
And have some curious commissioner
Very irreverently search my trunk;
'Sdeath! I should die
With rage, to find a tiger in possession
Of my abode; up to his yellow knees
In my old straw; and my profound profession
Entrusted to two beasts of assignees!

5.

The truth is simply this,—if you *will* stay
Under my very nose,
Filling your rows
Just at my feeding time, to see *your* play,
My mind's made up,
No more at nine I sup,
Except on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, Sundays,
From eight to eleven,
As I hope for heaven.
On Thursdays, and on Saturdays, and Mondays,

I'll squeak and roar, and grunt without cessation,
And utterly confound your recitation.
And, mark me! all my friends of the furry snout
Shall join a chorus shout,
We will be heard—we'll spoil
Your wicked ruination toil.
Insolvency must ensue
To you, sir, you;
Unless you move your opposition shop,
And let me stop.

6.

I have no more to say:—I do not write
In anger, but in sorrow; I must look
However to my interests every night,
And they detest your "Memorandum-book."
If we could join our forces—I should like it;
You do the dialogue, and I the songs.
A voice to me belongs;
(The Editors of the Globe and Traveller ring
With praises of it, when I hourly sing
God save the King.)
If such a bargain could be schemed, I'd strike it!
I think, too, I could do the Welch old man
In the Youthful Days, if dress'd upon your plan;
And the attorney in your Paris trip,—
I'm large about the hip!
Now think of this!—for we cannot go on
As next door rivals, that my mind declares

"Take, O take those lips away!"

I must be pennyless, or you be gone!
We must live separate, or else have shares.
I am a friend or foe
As you take this.
Let me your profitable hubbub miss,
Or be it "Mathews, Elephant, and Co.!"

A NEW LIFE-PRESERVER.

"Of hairbreadth 'scapes."—*Othello.*

I HAVE read somewhere of a Traveller, who carried with him a brace of pistols, a carbine, a cutlass, a dagger, and an umbrella, but was indebted for his preservation to the umbrella; it grappled with a bush, when he was rolling over a precipice. In like manner, my friend W———, though armed with a sword, rifle, and hunting-knife, owed his existence—to his wig!

He was specimen-hunting (for W——— is a first-rate naturalist,) somewhere in the back woods of America, when, happening to light upon a dense covert, there sprang out upon him,—not a panther or catamountain,—but, with terrible whoop and yell, a wild Indian,—one of a tribe then hostile to our settlers. W———'s gun was mastered in a twinkling, himself stretched on the earth, the barbarous knife, destined to make him balder than Granby's celebrated Marquis, leaped eagerly from its sheath.

Conceive the horrible weapon making its preliminary flourishes and circumgyrations; the savage features, made savager by paint and ruddle, working themselves up to a demoniacal crisis of triumphant malignity; his red right hand clutching the shearing-knife; his left, the frizzled top-knot; and then, the artificial scalp coming off in the Mohawk grasp!

W——— says, the Indian catchpole was, for some moments, motionless with surprise: recovering, at last, he dragged his captive along, through brake and jungle, to the encampment. A peculiar whoop soon brought the whole horde to the spot. The Indian addressed them with vehement gestures, in the course of which, W——— was again thrown down, the knife, again, performed its circuits, and the whole transaction was pantomimically described. All Indian sedateness and restraint were overcome. The assembly made every demonstration of wonder; and the wig was fitted on, rightly, and askew, and hind part before, by a hundred pair of red hands. Captain Gulliver's glove was not a greater puzzle to the Houhyhnms. From the men, it passed to the squaws; and from them, down to the least of the urchins; W———'s head, in the meantime, frying in a mid-summer sun. At length, the phenomenon returned into the hands of the chief—a venerable grey-beard: he examined it afresh, very attentively, and, after a long deliberation, maintained with true Indian silence and gravity, made a speech in his own tongue, that

procured for the anxious trembling captive very unexpected honours. In fact, the whole tribe of women and warriors danced round him, with such unequivocal marks of homage, that even W——— comprehended that he was not intended for a sacrifice. He was then carried in triumph to their wigwams, his body daubed with their body colours of the most honourable patterns; and he was given to understand, that he might choose any of their marriageable maidens for a squaw. Availing himself of this privilege, and so becoming, by degrees, more a proficient in their language, he learned the cause of this extraordinary respect.—It was considered, that he had been a great warrior; that he had, by mischance of war been overcome and tufted; but, that, whether by valour or stratagem, each equally estimable amongst the savages, he had recovered his liberty and his scalp.

As long as W——— kept his own counsel, he was safe; but trusting his Indian Dalilah with the secret of his locks, it soon got wind amongst the squaws, and from them, became known to the warriors and chiefs. A solemn sitting was held at midnight, by the chiefs, to consider the propriety of knocking the poor wig-owner on the head; but he had received a timely hint of their intention, and, when the tomahawks sought for him, he was far on his way, with his Life-preserver, towards a British settlement.

A Dream.

A DREAM.

In the figure opposite,—(a medley of human faces, wherein certain features belong in common to different visages, the eyebrow of one, for instance, forming the mouth of another,)—I have tried to typify a common characteristic of dreams, namely, the entanglement of divers ideas, to the waking mind distinct or incongruous, but, by the confusion of sleep, inseparably ravelled up, and knotted into Gordian intricacies. For, as the equivocal feature, in the emblem, belongs indifferently to either countenance, but is appropriated by the head that happens to be presently the object of contemplation; so, in a dream, two separate notions will mutually involve some convertible incident, that becomes, by turns, a symptom of both in general, or of either in particular. Thus are begotten the most extravagant associations of thoughts and images,—unnatural connexions, like those marriages of forbidden relationships, where mothers become cousins to their own sons or daughters, and

quite as bewildering as such genealogical embarrassments.

I had a dismal dream, once, of this nature, that will serve well for an illustration, and which originated in the failure of my first, and last, attempt as a dramatic writer. Many of my readers, if I were to name the piece in question, would remember its signal condemnation. As soon as the Tragedy of my Tragedy was completed, I got into a coach and rode home. My nerves were quivering with shame and mortification. I tried to compose myself over "Paradise Lost," but it failed to soothe me. I flung myself into bed, and at length slept; but the disaster of the night still haunted my dreams: I was again in the accursed theatre, but with a difference. It was a compound of the Drury Lane Building, and Pandemonium. There were the old shining green pillars, on either side of the stage, but, above, a sublimer dome than ever overhung mortal playhouse. The wonted familiars were in keeping of the fore-spoken seats, but the first companies they admitted were new and strange to the place. The first and second tiers,

"With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms,"

showed like those purgatorial circles sung of by the ancient Florentine. Satan was in the stage-box. The pit, dismally associated with its bottomless name-sake, was peopled with fiends. Mehu scowled from the critics' seat. Belial, flushed with wine, led on with

shout and catcall the uproar of the one-shilling infernals. My hair stood upright with dread and horror; I had an appalling sense, that more than my dramatic welfare was at stake:—that it was to be not a purely literary ordeal. An alarming figure, sometimes a newspaper reporter, sometimes a devil, so prevaricating are the communications of sleep, was sitting, with his note book, at my side. My play began. As it proceeded, sounds indescribable arose from the infernal auditory, increasing till the end of the first Act. The familiar cry of "Chuse any oranges!" was then intermingled with the murmurings of demons. The tumult grew with the progress of the play. The last act passed in dumb show, the horned monsters bellowing, throughout, like the wild bulls of Bashan. Prongs and flesh-hooks showered upon the stage. Mrs. Siddons—the human nature thus jumbling with the diabolical—was struck by a brimstone ball. Her lofty brother, robed in imperial purple, came forward towards the orchestra, to remonstrate, and was received like the Arch-devil in the Poem:

> "——————he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal hiss, the sound
> Of public scorn.

He bowed to the sense of the house, and withdrew. My doom was sealed; the recording devil noted down my sentence. A suffocating vapour, now smelling of

sulphur, and now of gas, issued from the unquenchable stage lamps. The flames of the Catalonian Castle, burning in the back scene, in compliance with the catastrophe of the piece, blazed up with horrible import. My flesh crept all over me. I thought of the everlasting torments, and, at the next moment, of the morrow's paragraphs. I shrank at once from the comments of the Morning Post, and the hot marl of Malebolge. The sins of authorship had confounded themselves, inextricably, with the mortal sins of the law. I could not disentangle my own from my play's perdition. I was damned: but whether spiritually or dramatically, the twilight intelligence of a dream was not clear enough to determine.

Another sample, wherein the preliminaries of the dream involved one portion, and implicitly forbade the other half of the conclusion, was more whimsical. It occurred when I was on the eve of marriage, a season, when, if lovers sleep sparingly, they dream profusely. A very brief slumber sufficed to carry me in the night-coach to Bognor. It had been concerted, between Honoria and myself, that we should pass the honeymoon at some such place upon the coast. The purpose of my solitary journey was to procure an appropriate dwelling, and which, we had agreed, should be a little pleasant house, with an indispensible look-out upon the sea. I chose one, accordingly; a pretty villa, with bow-windows, and a prospect delightfully marine. The ocean murmur sounded incessantly from

"Oh, breathe not his name !"

the beach. A decent elderly body, in decayed sables, undertook, on her part, to promote the comforts of the occupants by every suitable attention, and, as she assured me, at a very reasonable rate. So far, the nocturnal faculty had served me truly. A day-dream could not have proceeded more orderly; but alas! just here, when the dwelling was selected, the sea view secured, the rent agreed upon, when every thing was plausible, consistent, and rational, the incoherent fancy crept in and confounded all,—by marrying me to the old woman of the house!

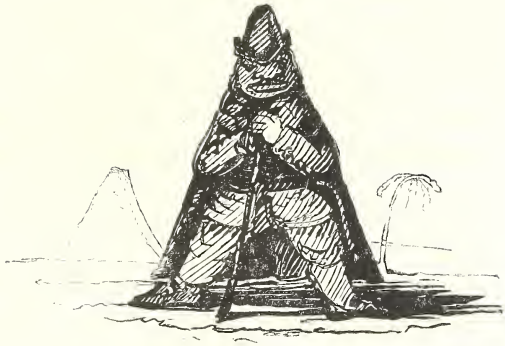
A large proportion of my dreams have, like the preceding, an origin, more or less remote, in some actual occurrence. But, from all my observation and experience, the popular notion is a mistaken one, that our dreams take their subject and colour from the business or meditations of the day. It is true, that sleep frequently gives back real images and actions, like a mirror; but the reflection returns at a longer interval. It extracts from pages of some standing, like the "Retrospective Review." The mind, released from its connexion with external associations, flies off, gladly, to novel speculations. The soul does not carry its tasks out of school. The novel, read upon the pillow, is of no more influence than the bride-cake laid beneath it. The charms of Di. Vernon have faded with me, into a vision of Dr. Faustus; the bridal dance and festivities, into a chase by a mad bullock.

The sleeper, like the felon, at the putting on of the

night-cap, is about to be turned off from the affairs of this world. The material scaffold sinks under him; he drops—as it is expressively called—asleep; and the spirit is transported, we know not whither!

I should like to know, that, by any earnest application of thought, we could impress its subject upon the midnight blank. It would be worth a day's devotion to Milton,—"from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,"—to obtain but one glorious vision from the "Paradise Lost;" to Spenser, to purhcase but one magical reflection—a Fata Morgana, of the "Faery Queen!" I have heard it affirmed, indeed, by a gentleman, an especial advocate of Early Rising, that he could procure whatever dream he wished; but I disbelieve it, or he would pass far more hours than he does in bed. If it were possible, by any process, to bespeak the night's entertainment, the theatres, for me, might close their uninviting doors. Who would care to sit at the miserable stage parodies of "Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello;" to say nothing of the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Phantasy," —that could command the representation of either of those noble Dramas, with all the sublime personations, the magnificent scenery, and awful reality of a dream?

For horrible fancies, merely, nightmares and incubi, there is a recipe extant, that is currently attributed to the late Mr. Fuseli. I mean, a supper of raw pork; but, as I never slept after it, I cannot speak as to the effect.



"My nature is subdued to what it works in."

Opium, I have never tried, and, therefore, have never experienced such magnificent visions as are described by its eloquent historian. I have never been buried for ages under pyramids; and yet, methinks, have suffered agonies as intense as *his* could be, from the common-place inflictions. For example, a night spent in the counting of interminable numbers,—an Inquisitorial penance,—everlasting tedium—the Mind s treadmill !

Another writer, in recording his horrible dreams, describes himself to have been sometimes an animal, pursued by hounds; sometimes a bird, torn in pieces by eagles. They are flat contradictions of my Theory of Dreams. Such Ovidian Metamorphoses never yet entered into my experience. I never translate myself. I must know the taste of rape and hempseed, and have cleansed my gizzard with small gravel, before even Fancy can turn me into a bird. I must have another nowl upon my shoulders, ere I can feel a longing for "a bottle of chopt hay, or your good dried oats." My own habits and prejudices, all the symptoms of my identity, cling to me in my dreams. It never happened to me to fancy myself a child or a woman, dwarf or giant, stone-blind or deprived of any sense.

And here, the latter part of the sentence reminds me of an interesting question, on this subject, that has greatly puzzled me; and of which I should be glad to obtain a satisfactory solution, viz.—How does a blind

man dream? I mean a person with the opaque chrystal from his birth. He is defective in that very faculty, which, of all others, is most active in those night-passages, thence emphatically called Visions. He has had no acquaintance with external images, and has, therefore, none of those transparent pictures, that, like the slides of a magic-lantern, pass before the mind's eye, and are projected by the inward spiritual light upon the utter blank. His imagination must be like an imperfect kaleidoscope, totally unfurnished with those parti-coloured fragments, whereof the complete instrument makes such interminable combinations. It is difficult to conceive such a man's dream.

Is it, a still benighted wandering,—a pitch-dark night progress, made known to him by the consciousness of the remaining senses? Is he still pulled through the universal blank, by an invisible power, as it were, at the nether end of the string?—regaled, sometimes, with celestial voluntaries and unknown mysterious fragrances, answering to our more romantic flights; at other times, with homely voices and more familiar odours; here, of rank smelling cheeses; there, of pungent pickles or aromatic drugs, hinting his progress through a metropolitan street. Does he over again enjoy the grateful roundness of those substantial droppings from the invisible passenger,—palpable deposits of an abstract benevolence,—or, in his night-mares, suffer anew those painful concussions and

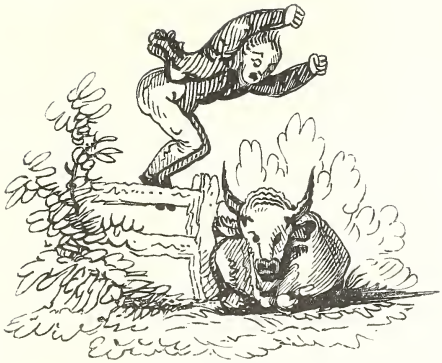
corporeal buffetings, from that (to him) obscure evil principle, the Parish Beadle?

This question I am happily enabled to resolve, through the information of the oldest of those blind Tobits that stand in fresco against Bunhill Wall; the same who made that notable comparison, of scarlet, to the sound of a trumpet. As I understood him, harmony, with the gravel-blind, is prismatic as well as chromatic. To use his own illustration, a wall-eyed man has a *palette* in his ear, as well as in his mouth. Some stone-blinds, indeed, dull dogs, without any *ear* for colour, profess to distinguish the different hues and shades, by the touch, but *that*, he said, was a slovenly uncertain method, and in the chief article of Paintings not allowed to be exercised.

On my expressing some natural surprise at the aptitude of his celebrated comparison,—a miraculous close likening, to my mind, of the known to the unknown,—he told me, the instance was nothing, for the least discriminative among them could distinguish the scarlet colour of the mail guards' liveries, by the sound of their horns: but there were others, so acute their faculty! that they could tell the very features and complexion of their relatives and familiars, by the mere tone of their voices. I was much gratified with this explanation; for I confess, hitherto, I was always extremely puzzled by that narrative in the "Tatler," of a young gentleman's behaviour after the operation of couching, and especially at the wonder-

ful promptness with which he distinguished his father from his mother,—his mistress from her maid. But it appears that the blind are not so blind as they have been esteemed in the vulgar notion. What they cannot get one way they obtain in another: they, in fact, realize what the author of Hudibras has ridiculed as a fiction, for they set up

> ———— communities of senses,
> To chop and change intelligences,
> As Rosicrucian Virtuosis
> Can *see with ears*— and hear with noses.



Spring and Fall.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Alack! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied;
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide,
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
In that clay cabbin hight the College of Kilreen!

2.

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Thorough transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again,
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach
To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"
Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he mendeth each.

3.

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written,
"CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO BATE:"
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i'the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

4.

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And soe win academical degree;
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small,
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knock'd off by ruthless cannon ball.

5.

Six babes he sways,—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six;—alsoe,

He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below,
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know,—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

6.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

7.

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread:
Large, as a dome for Learning, seems his head,
And, like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways:—
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize.

8.

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view;
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

9.

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales;
But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee;—
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own naked fleecy hosierie:—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pee.

10.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map,—
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,

Besides some blots, standing for country-town;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied!

11.

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack,—
His quiet smile fortelling gracious boon:
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing, that infant show'rs will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

12.

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
"Corduroy Colloquy,"—or "Ki, Kœ, Kod,"—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, tho' already made of sod,
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—
Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconcil'd.

13.

But, surely, the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;
Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday, in Pit below,
Will hell not seem design'd for their distress,—
A melancholy place that is all bottomlesse?

14.

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
Of needful discipline, in due degree.
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce,
Whene'er the twig untrained grows up a tree,
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie,
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous commands.

15.

But ah! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm,
And cackling chorus with the human scream;

Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly seam
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to win.

16.

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries;—
Alas! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home,—his Phelim smile;—
Ah me! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while!

17.

Ah! who can paint that hard and heavy time,
When first the scholar lists in Learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforc'd to climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,
From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
Wherein, alas! no sugar'd juices dwell,
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well!

18.

Anon a third, for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit,
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit!
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,
Alack,—mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

19.

For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald-head, that is already sore,—
Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub!
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still, with backward fist, he strives to dry;
Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

20.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,
And with his natural untender knack,
By new distress, bids former grievance cease,
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,

"All in the Downs."

That sets the mournful visage all awrack;
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soak'd in brine.

21.

Now all is hushed, and, with a look profound,
The Dominie lays ope the learned page;
(So be it called) although he doth expound
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage;
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

22.

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;
And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,
Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown:
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown.
In garb of Greece, most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colly, wand'ring up and down.
Because, at once, in seven cities born;
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days, forlorn.

23.

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,
Of Gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,
But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows
How Plato wise, and clear-ey'd Socrates,
Confess'd not to those heathen hes and shes;
But thro' the clouds of the Olympic cope
Beheld St. Peter, with his holy keys,
And own'd their love was naught, and bow'd to Pope,
Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope!

24.

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
To new philosophies, that still are green,
And shows what rail-roads have been track'd, to guide
The wheels of great political machine;
If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;
How many pigs be born, to each spalpeen;
And, ah! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—
With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of peat!

25.

Here, he makes end; and all the fry of youth,
That stood around with serious look intense,

"O! there's nothing half so sweet in life."

Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,
Which they had opened to his eloquence,
As if their hearing were a threefold sense.
But now the current of his words is done,
And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,
In future time, with any mother's son!
It is a thing, God wot! that can be told by none.

26.

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore;
The cheerful pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, "Begone!" unto the imps,—and four
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blythe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask,

27.

Like sportive Elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
So soothly kind is Erin to her own!
And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all alone,—
For Phelim 's gone to tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone!

Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow!

28.

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow:
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

29.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Linked each to each by labour, like a bee;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bow'rs;—
Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis, for, alack! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry speech!

Pandeans.

THE SEA-SPELL.

"*Cauld, cauld*, he lies beneath the deep."
Old Scotch Ballad.

1.

It was a jolly mariner!
The tallest man of three,—
He loosed his sail against the wind,
And turned his boat to sea:
The ink-black sky told every eye,
A storm was soon to be!

2.

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For, in his pouch, confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul;
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
That always brings a squall!

3.

His hat was new, or newly glaz'd,
Shone brightly in the sun;
His jacket, like a mariner's,
True blue as e'er was spun;
His ample trowsers, like Saint Paul,
Bore forty stripes save one.

4.

And now the fretting foaming tide
He steer'd away to cross;
The bounding pinnace play'd a game
Of dreary pitch and toss;
A game that, on the good dry land,
Is apt to bring a loss!

5.

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
And guide her on her way!
A boat, they say, has canvas wings,
But cannot fly away!
Though, like a merry singing bird,
She sits upon the spray!

6.

Still east by east the little boat,
With tawny sail, kept beating:
Now out of sight, between two waves,
Now o'er th'horizon fleeting;
Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seem'd eating!

"De Gustibus non est disputandum."

7.

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath;
Each roaring billow show'd full soon
A white and foamy wreath;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

8.

The boatman look'd against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt, upon his cheek!
The pointed wave against him rear'd,
As if it own'd a pique!

9.

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And arm'd against all harm!

10.

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard upon the sandy bank,
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring!

11.

The seafowl shriek'd around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled;
It would have quail'd another heart,
But his was never humbled.

12.

For why? he had that infant's caul;
And wherefore should he dread?—
Alas! alas! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,—
That, like that infant, he should die,
And with a watery head!

13.

The rushing brine flowed in apace;
His boat had ne'er a deck:
Fate seem'd to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck!

14.

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast-bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather,—

15.

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake.
Now helm a-lee! for through the midst,
The monster he must take!

16.

Ah, me! it was a dreary mount!
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it rear'd upright!

17.

With quaking sails, the little boat
Climb'd up the foaming heap;
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep;
Then, rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep!

18.

Look, how a horse, made mad with fear
Disdains his careful guide;
So now the headlong headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,
And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide!

19.

The gusty wind assaults the sail;
Her ballast lies a-lee!
The windward sheet is taught and stiff!
Oh! the Lively—where is she?
Her capsiz'd keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea!

20

The wild gull, sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she screamed his dirge!
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapp'd in a shroud of surge!

21.

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rushed o'er and covered all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smothered by the squall.
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul!*

A man's a man for a' that.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devour'd his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death:—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!

The Bard of Hope.

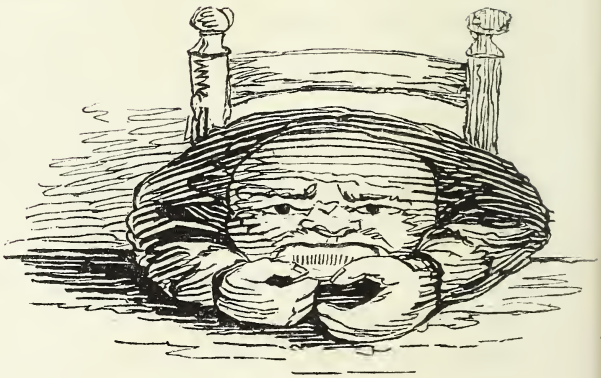
FANCY-PORTRAITS.

Many authors preface their works with a portrait, and it saves the reader a deal of speculation. The world loves to know something of the features of its favourites ;—it likes the Geniuses to appear bodily, as well as the Genii. We may estimate the liveliness of this curiosity, by the abundance of portraits, masks, busts, china and plaster casts, that are extant, of great or would-be great people. As soon as a gentleman has proved, in print, that he really has a head,—a score of artists begin to brush at it. The literary lions have no peace to their manes. Sir Walter is eternally sitting like Theseus to some painter or other ;—and the late Lord Byron threw out more heads before he died than Hydra. The first novel of Mr. Galt had barely been announced in the second edition, when he was requested to allow himself to be taken "in one minute ;"—Mr. Geoffrey Crayon was no sooner known to be Mr. Washington Irving, than he was waited upon with a sheet of paper and a pair of scissors.

The whole world, in fact, is one Lavater:—it likes to find its prejudices confirmed by the Hooke nose of the Author of Sayings and Doings—or the lines and angles in the honest face of Izaak Walton. It is gratified in dwelling on the repulsive features of a Newgate ordinary; and would be disappointed to miss the seraphic expression on the Author of the Angel of the World. The Old Bailey jurymen are physiognomists to a fault; and if a rope can transform a malefactor into an Adonis, a hard gallows face as often brings the malefactor to the rope. A low forehead is enough to bring down its head to the dust. A well-favoured man meets with good countenance; but when people are plain and hard-featured (like the poor, for instance,) we grind their faces; an expression I am convinced, that refers to physiognomical theory.

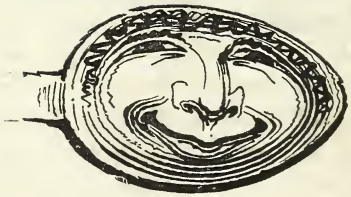
For my part, I confess a sympathy with the common failing. I take likings and dislikings, as some play music,—at sight. The polar attractions and repulsions insisted on by the phrenologist, affect me not; but I am not proof against a pleasant or villainous set of features. Sometimes, I own, I am led by the nose, (not my own, but that of the other party)—in my prepossessions.

My curiosity does not object to the disproportionate number of portraits in the annual exhibition,—nor grudge the expense of engraving a gentleman's head and shoulders. Like Judith, and the daughter of



Mr. Crabbe.

Mr. Bowles.



The Author of Broad Grins.

Herodias, I have a taste for a head in a plate, and accede cheerfully to the charge of the charger. A book without a portrait of the author, is worse than anonymous. As in a church-yard, you may look on any number of ribs and shin-bones, as so many sticks merely, without interest; but if there should chance to be a scull near hand, it claims the relics at once,—so it is with the author's head-piece, in front of his pages. The portrait claims the work. The Arcadia, for instance, I know is none of mine—it belongs to that young fair gentleman, in armour, with a ruff!

So necessary it is for me to have an outward visible sign of the inward spiritual poet or philosopher, that in default of an authentic resemblance, I cannot help forging for him an effigy in my mind's eye,—a Fancy-Portrait. A few examples of contemporaries I have sketched down, but my collection is far from complete.

How have I longed to glimpse, in fancy, the Great Unknown!—the Roc of Literature!—but he keeps his head, like Ben Lomond, enveloped in a cloud. How have I sighed for a beau ideal of the author of Christabel, and the Ancient Marinere!—but I have been mocked with a dozen images, confusing each other, and indistinct as water is in water. My only clear revelation was a pair of Hessian boots highly polished, or what the ingenious Mr. Warren would denominate his "Aids to Reflection!"

I was more certain of the figure at least of Dr.

Kitchener, (p. 14,) though I had a misgiving about his features, which made me have recourse to a substitute for his head. Moore's profile struck me over a bottle after dinner, and the countenance of Mr. Bowles occurred to me, as in a mirror,—by a tea-table suggestion; Colman's at the same service;—and Mr. Crabbe entered my mind's eye with the supper. But the Bard of Hope—the Laureate of promise and expectation,—occurred to me at no meal-time. We all know how Hope feeds her own.

I had a lively image of the celebrated Denon, in a midnight dream (p. 116,) and made out the full length of the juvenile Grahan, from a hint of Mr. Hilton's.

At a future season, I hope to complete my gallery of Fancy-Portraits.

THE END.

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